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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

A PRAYER.

Thou, who dost dwell alone—
Thou, who dost know thine own—
Thou, to whom all are known—
From the cradle to the grave—
Save, O save!

From the world's temptations,
From tribulations,
From the fierce anguish
Wherein we languish,
From that torpor deep
Wherein we lie asleep,
Heavy as death, cold as the grave—
Save, O save!

From the ingrain'd fashion
Of this earthly nature,
That mars thy creature;
From grief that is but passion,
From mirth that is but feigning,
From tears that bring no healing,
From wild and weak complaining,
Thine own strength revealing.
Save, O save!

—Matthew Arnold.

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2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Not less than 15,000 saloons have been put out of commission during the past year. "The saloon must go" was the cry for many years, and now the saloon is going.

We notice mention in a London paper of an organization called The Nurses' National Total Abstinence League." The United States is not without need for such an organization. Not long ago in Berkeley a nurse who had an outing of a few hours came back to her work drunk.

The death rate among the poor Hebrew people in the great cotton centers of Manchester, England, is less than half that of the healthiest and most fashionable districts of the city. A medical officer says that the sober and homely life of the Jews increases their power of resistance to disease. He says that out of 1,170 patients, representing a population of about 6,000, he did not find a person suffering from the effects of drink. It is not surprising that the Jews "get on in England," and elsewhere also. They have thrift. A London paper remarks that the English working classes have something to learn from the sojourners within their gates.

A new Christian Science church is to be built at San Diego, California, at a cost of $50,000. The San Diego Union says: "The need for a greatly enlarged structure is very pressing, the present house of worship at Third and Ash being far from adequate in size to accommodate the numbers who try to gain admission to every service. At the Sunday services every seat is taken, the vestibule is filled, and many are seated on the Readers' platform, while on Wednesday night large numbers are sometimes left standing in the street.'

Queen Victoria of Spain is planning to put an end to the bull fights which have long been a disgrace to that civilization. Ever since her marriage she has attended the bull fights because it was expected of her. But so revolting have they been that the desire to put an end to them it is said has grown into a purpose. Among other things the queen has caused to be revived the memory of the fact that the great Queen Isabella, when she returned from conquering the Moors, declared that it was her wish to abolish bull-fighting as a cruel sport which, she asserted, had been introduced by the Paynim Moors, and which was unworthy of a Christian race.

The Rev. Charles Merle d'Aubigne of France, while in attendance at the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance meeting in New York said of the present condition of the churches in France as affectetd by the Separations Act: "Although the material loss of the Roman Catholic Church has been very great, the attitude of the Pope created an impresion from which that Church will perhaps never recover; it alienated many and took away the confidence of the people. The reformed churches of France, too, have suffered a great material loss—$400.000 a year which the Government contributed to the support of the ministers. At first we thought this loss might compel us to close many churches, but later we found that there was no such danger. The conditions improved and we have formed more churches since 1905 than ever before. The real danger to the Church lies in the atheistic and materialistic propaganda which is being made throughout the country."

Buenos Aires, South America, is now the fourth city in size in the western hemisphere, having a population of 1,200,000. It is said to be the most cosmopolitan city in the world. "It is thoroughly modern in every respect. Its train or trolley system is not surpassed, if equalled, by that of any city in Europe or North America. It has something more than 250 public schools, with nearly 100,000 pupils, besides many private schools, and its National University, which has a student body of over 4,000. There are three schools of music that have some 4,000 pupils enrolled. It has a Geological Garden as large as that of Berlin; and a Botanical Garden which affords an opportunity to study the specimens of the universal flora. It is said that the Museum of Natural History is one of the finest in the word in the 'paleontological section.' " Next to Berlin it is the healthiest city on the globe. A writer in the Luthern Observer tells of the religious situation: "The Catholic Church is supposed to be the religion of the nation, but long ago she lost her power among the people, and that is especially true in this city. Although the city is greater in area and almost as large in population as Philadelphia, it has fewer Catholic churches, and they are poorly attended. During the last five months I have been present at many services in various Catholic churches, and have never found more than 26 men present at a service until Holy Week and Easter; and even then the attendance was very small. Approximately speaking, there are 30,000 English, Scotch and Americans in the city, and as many Germans and Scandinavians, but from what I can learn there are not 2,000 actual and active church members. The spirit of commercialism and of general worldliness is so great that even the religious are led to neglect God's means of grace."

A writer in "Physical Culture" tells of the evils of the merry-widow hats, some of which weigh eight pounds. "A woman keeps her hat on her head by means of long pins which pass through the fabric of the hat into her hair, thereby securing a purcase on the latter. Now, the size of the up-to-date hat is such that the average head of hair does not allow of sufficient 'purchase.' Besides that, a natural head of hair would be lost beneath one of the millinery monstrosities. The result is, that women have been obliged to reinforce the locks given them by nature with a host of 'rats,' 'puffs,' and other artificialities which bring about

many physical ills from which fashionable females suffer. There is a nold maxim which aserts that 'He who keeps his feet warm and his head cool, shall never know a doctor.' Like a good many other ancient sayings, it contains much wisdom. Certain it is that the neaith of the head and neck call for both of these parts being kept moderatetly cool and that in both instances, a departure from this rule is bound to result in mischief. At the base of the skull, and at its rear, are to be found some of the most important nerves in the human body, making entry into the brain by means of cavities. This is saying nothing of the spine itself. Now if this region be kept in a state of unnatural warmth for hours at a time by means of the pompadour and its adjuncts it is not hard to forects that which is bound to follow. The nerves of the parts are rendered unduly sensitive and irritable, and a variety of maladies which would not affect normal nerves, and so there ensue headaches, neuralgia, spinal troubles and many more unpleasant things of a like sort. But this is not all. The weight of these colossal hats often produces congestion of the circulation of the head and we have headaches, flushings of the face, megrims and so forth. Interference with the circulation also produces mental languor and 'low spirits.' The tissues of the face not receiving their due supply of blood begin to sag and lose that firmness and roundness which are factors of beauty; the cheeks and neck become flacid and wrinkled, while the natural bloom of the former vanishes and a yellow pallor takes its place."

FOR A SANE AND SAFE FOURTH.

Early next year an educational campaign for a sane and safe Fourth of July will be started in Chicago. As a result of recent ordinances in that city the lists of dead and injured were much smaller than they had been for several years past. According to figures published by the Record-Herald on July the 7th there were 83 deaths and 2557 injuries from explosives on the Fourth, and the fire losses amounted to $813,965. Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, led in the number of deaths—23. In Philadelphia there were 10. In Philadelphia there were 380 injuries; in New York, 322; in St. Louis, 205; in Boston, 110; Pittsburgh, 113; Chicago, 70. There were two deaths in Chicago. The campaign to be inaugurated in Chicago provides for the vigorous prosecution at once of dealers who sold forbidden explosives this year, so as to demonstrate that the new ordinances are not to be trifled with; also the amendment of the ordinances where weak, and with a view of making them much more stringent and inclusive, placing under ban all menacing expolsives and fireworks.

It is suggested that in addition to stringent laws and law enforcement the effort to secure a sane fourth be supplemented by celebrations here and there throughout the city which do not depend on powder for amusement, utilizing therefor the small parks and vacant land in outlying territory. That such a stand as this should be taken in one of our largest cities is gratifying. It is to be hoped that the example will be copied widely, and that in a few years nowhere in our land will be known the old-time Fourth.

If tornadoes or earthquakes were to kill and injure throughout our country so large a number of people as are killed each year by explosives used in celebrating the Fourth of July people would be filled with horror at the destructiveness of nature. But year after year they go on deliberately allowing and helping along a way of observing this national holiday which ought to have been banished by us decades ago.

GIPSY SMITH'S RECEPTION IN LONDON.

On his return recently to England, Gipsy Smith received royal welcome. In a reception in Westminster chapel the Rev. John McNeil said: "We owe much to America, and, with the thought of Moody in our minds, we are glad to do something to pay the debt by sending Gipsy Smith." "He is Moody and Sankey together," said Mr. McNeil, humorously. "What we have heard of his work came in answer to our prayers. God put a **plus** to our prayers, as He always does. We can not measure the outcome of such widespread sowing of the seed. I do not put too much stress on immediate results, because I know that many results can never be tabulated. Gipsy Smith has preached the grand old Gospel. It has been like a Pentecostal cyclone, and we rejoice and take courage for our own land."

Dr. Campbell Morgan said there were many reasons why he was glad to see Gipsy Smith again. First, because he knew the land he had been visiting. Then he was glad because it was time someone came to cheer us as to God's work now and in the future. "Wherever we fall into line with God's plans, there will be glorious signs following. Any minister who will preach the Gospel and make the appeal will get the results. I was talking to the editor of one of the greatest daily newspapers, and he said that the country was fuller of religion to-day than ever it was. We are here to rejoice at what God is doing through His servant, and we shall hear his story with great interest."

When, after the hearty words of welcome from several Christian leaders, Gipsy Smith arose to speak it was with charasteristic sincerity that be gave all honor to his divine Master in the successful work which had been his in the United States. He assured his British friends that they need have not fear as to his leaving England permanently, that his roots were too well grounded in his native land. From his study window that morning, he said that he could see the hedges of the lane where his gipsy tent had stood in his youth. Since he left that gipsy tent he has completed thirty-two years of Christian work. Continuing he said:

"It was the best day of my trip when I landed again in England. It was a means of grace to look in the face of my dear old father who lives next door to me, and realize how he had been upholding me with his prayers. I hope I come back a better man, a truer Christian. God has been teaching me many things, and I think that is how service ought to result with all of us. If you want to be a pessimist, live a long way from the Cross; but if you want to be an optimist, keep close to the Cross.

"This mission has been the greatetst chapter of my life. I would rather praise God for it than talk about it. If I speak about it, please, imagine I am out of it—simply a finger pointing men to God. In the midst of one great victory, with 35,000 people marching in a midnight procession, a theatre manager asked me how many I had in my company. I replied, 'Just Jesus and me,' and that was enough. I have seen tens of thousands of men stand up and say publicly, 'I want to give myself to Christ.' One of the sweetest sights was a gathering of 10,000 young people between the age of ten and twenty. When I made the appeal—and it wasn't an emotional appeal—asking none younger than twelve to rise, 2,000 stood up. Who

can tell what that may mean for the city? Prevention is better than cure, and I look back on those young lives giving themselves to Jesus.

"When we got to St. Louis they told me the building would seat 10,000 people. I hoped it was an exaggeration. The moment I saw that building in St. Louis—which was Moody's Waterloo— I went home and said: 'I shall never be heard there.' It turned out that there was accomodation for 15,000. On the Sunday afternoon the place was crowded in every nook and corner. I determined to hold myself in, for fear of overstraining my voice. When seventeen days had passed I could sing a solo in the last meeting. It was God-given strength which sustained me. One night the floor was reserved for merchants and bankers! another night for soldiers; and another night for the shoemakers. I was invited one day to lunch with the leading business men of the city. My little talk with them did as much good, I believe, as half a dozen sermons."

THE REV. F. B. MEYER IN THE ORIENT.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer, one of Great Britain's noted ministers, is traveling in the Orient in the interests of the Keswick Movement. We quote from a letter written by him to the British Weekly as he neared Malaya and Singapore:

"Steaming due south through the Straits of Malacca! The sea molten silver. The sun veiled, but the air very sultry. On our left, within a mile, the shores of Malaya, as the Federated Malaya Straits are called; and seventeen miles away, on our right, Sumatra. We left Kwala Lumpur this morning. An hour by railway brought us to Port Swetenham. In a few hours we shall reach the old town of Malacca, where Xavier spent some years of his devoted life, and his remains rested on their way to Goa.

"Penang, where we landed for our first mission, is at the northern entrance of these spacious straits, and Singapore, our destination. 'The Liverpool of the East,' is at the southern. These are distinctly British, but the four Malay States are only under British administration. The Sultans retain a nominal sovereignty, and preside at the meetings of their councils; but in each case there is a British Resident, and the police, finances, taxes, the regulation of opium, gambling and other houses, the reads, railways, water-supply, lighting, and all the development of the country, are under Britissh direction.

"A wonderful country! The contrast between the waterless veldt of South Africa and this rich, tropical growth, covering the land, except where man has cleared it, with a tangled jungle of vegetation, is amazing. On either side of the railway, traversing the entire length of the peninsula, from north to south, and of the noble road parallel to it, are great forest-trees, palms, and thick rank vegetation, for the most part obscuring the view, except where the lofty mountains, which constitute the backbone of the country, running also from north to south, refuse to be hidden, and tower up 8,000 feet to the skyline, as background to forest-glade or open clearing. It is of the western States, lying between those mountains and the straits, that I am writing; for it is in three of their larger towns that our missions were held—Taiping, Ipole, and Kwala Lumpur.

"The jungle, however, is rapidly receding before the hatchet, axe, and fire, to prepare for rubber plantations, which are destined to make this country one of the richest in the world. Hitherto its mines have yielded two-thirds of the tin needed for the world's consumption; but the revenue from these is likely to be soon out-distanced by that from rubber. Everyone talks of the rubber boom! Estates are realizing 75 per cent. per annum. The young trees yield at the end of five years, and continue to do so for twenty years at least, needing only that the soil be kept free of weeds and white ants. The result is that capital and labor are hurrying to enter the open doors of an El Dorado. Every year 200,000 Chinese immigrants arrive at Singapore. Yes, the reign of boa constrictor and tiger, of buffalo and wild hog, is coming to an end. Native villages are appearing all along the railway lines, and the regular rows of rubber trees, extending for miles, predict the liberation of the harried natives of the Congo.

"The towns named are by no means villages. Kwala Lumpur, for instance, contains some 30,000 persons. I fear it is impossible to describe it. In the basin of the hills is the busy native town. Broad stores, wide open as though the front of a modern English shop were taken completely out! Between stores and street a narrow pavement under an arcade, which presents a welcome shade, when the sun rays threaten to penetrate one's felt helmet. Within the shops Chinamen, whose only clothing is a pair of trousers and a pigtail. I think of preserving as a curiosity one article of clothing made most creditably by a firm of Chinese tailors! The men serve in the shop, their families live in the rooms above, which extend over the arcade. Among the shops are opium dens, where the votaries of the drug are inhaling its fumes, and dreaming their luxurious dreams; or public gambling hells, where crowds of all nationalities are staking their own or other people's money; or houses of another description, equally open to public inspection, in each of which sit five or six gaily-dressed, smiling Japanese women, chatting to each other, and playing games of chance. The Japs are said to be unmoral rather than immoral. Most of the women have been sold by their fathers, and when the debt is repaid will return to their families proud to have wiped out some family mortgage, and becoming sedate wives and mothers!

"The mission has greatly prospered; and I have been specially glad during the two last days to have the presence and help of the beloved Bishop Oldham, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. ?

"The temptations to young manhood are excessive. The loneliness of a great estate, the climate, the lax morals of the natives, the use and wont of others break down the resolutions of happier days. Evening is casting her mantle on sea, shore, and mountains! The night darkens suddenly! To-morrow's daybreak will awaken us at Singapore!"

IO VICTIS.

I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the battle of life,
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife;
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame,
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part;

Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes away,
From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood at the dying of day
With the wreck of their life all around them, unpitied, unheeded, alone,
With death swooping down o'er their failure, and all but their faith overthrown.
While the voice of the world shouts its chorus—its paean for those who have won;
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant and high to the breeze and the sun
Glad banners are waving, hands clapping and hurrying feet
Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors, I stand on the field of defeat
In the shadow with those who are fallen and wounded and dying, and there
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted brow, breathe a prayer,
Hold the hand that is helpless and whisper, "They only the victory win
Who have fought the good fight and have vanquished the demon that tempts us within,
Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the world holds on high,
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight—if need be, to die."
Speak, history! Who are life's victors? Unroll thy long annals and say,
Are they those whom the world called the victors, who won the success of a day?
The martyrs or Nero? The Spartans who fell at Thermopylae's tryst
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?

CONVERTED PRIESTS IN ROME.

The Refuge for Converted Priests in Rome was opened at the close of last century, and since then many a weary, tempest-tossed soul from the Roman Catholic priesthood has found a temporary harbor there. The work is undenominational, most of the pastors of the Evangelical churches in Rome being on its council. Though intended specially to meet the need of Italians, Roman Catholic priests of any nationality can be admitted.

Each man who enters is usually destitute, as, in leaving his church, he forfeits both friends and means of livelihood. The Refuge serves as a bridge to the unknown future, where he can receive food and clothing, and have time to prepare for his own maintenance, either as a preacher of the gospel, or in any other path which Providence may open up to him. Former inmates have left brilliant prospects, and are now earnestly engaged in different spheres of Evangelical work, "esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt." Others have been simple souls, who have heard the command, "Follow thou Me,"—and have risen up, left all, and "followed Him."

A priest seeking admission writes:—

"The low scale of morality in almost all the religious communities I have visited either at home or abroad, the unedifying depravity of many of my ecclesiastical associates, induced me to think seriously about my religious position. I began to doubt whether I could be in the true Church of Christ, and each fresh instance of moral failure which came to my knowledge gave me an impulse to leave that church which I served. This led me to seek counsel from God, and I asked him to enlighten me and to clear away my doubts. Often I opened my heart to my father-confessor, quoting passages from the gospel which showed only too plainly that many innovations had been introduced into our worship by the sovereign-pontiffs. I received the reply that the Pope is a true representative of Jesus Christ, that what he is has been defined by Jesus Christ Himself, and that the Holy Spirit is continually helping our Holy Mother Church, so that she is infallible in her ordinances. It would be the greatest sin I could commit, I was told, to leave the bosom of the true Church of Christ, which was that of Rome; and if I did, I should go irreparably to eternal perdition, because outside the Church of Rome there cannot be salvation.

"I was alarmed by these admonitions, but not convinced. At the mere reading of the mass and the Divine office, conscience and reason fought together in me. The latter longed to free herself from the superstitions introduced into the faith of Jesus, and the former yearned to be enlightened and set at peace by clearer evidence.

"At last, as the only remedy to get peace, I went to seek counsel and light from an Evangelical pastor, who kindly showed me the way by which the darkness which shrouded my reason and conscience could be dispelled. I told him my doubts and my desire to be enlightened in the true doctrine of Jesus Christ. The good pastor told me to read the gospel attentively and confront it with the actual doctrine of the Church of Rome, and invited me to go and see him whenever I liked. So I went often, and each time his clear, concise expositions of the truth convinced me yet more. I am decided, by the grace of God, to enter the Evangelical Church, into which I hope soon to be received."

A letter from him, after being received in the Refuge, tells of his being present for the first time at an Evangelical church service, and that he could not refrain his tears as he thought of God's special mercy to him in leading him into light, while so many of his companions still remained in the darkness of ignorance.

THE DIFFICULTIES IN TURKEY.

F. F. Goodsell.

My chief purpose in writing is not to report news concerning the recent massacres in this and the neighboring villayet. That you have read weeks ago. I appreciate the fact that the current of popular interest which seeks simply the news of the day runs swiftly, and rapidly leaves such terrific events far behind. I could wish to give you such a glimpse of the situation in interior parts of Asiatic Turkey that the course of recent events may seem a little more intelligible.

The Adana vilayet is the heart of old Cilicia. At one time long ago it was the territory of a thriving Armenian kingdom. Armenians have looked with loving eyes upon what some of them, especially young men, regard as their rightful inheritance. Since the massacres the story has been widely circulated among the Turks that the cause of the disturbances in Adana was a revolutionary attempt on the part of the Armenians dwelling in that vilayet to re-establish the old Armenian kingdom. The eager revolutionary parties have undoubtedly dreamed and longed to do

this very thing. It has been only a dream. To the Turks the most annoying and at once the most palpable evidence of the reality of the secret Armenian ambition has been the unremitting zeal with which many of the Armenians during the last ten months have been arming themselves. Religious as well as political Armenian leaders have urged every Armenian to arm himself for protection against the Turks. I heard a bishop of the Gregorian Church make the statement, "The gospel in one hand is useless unless you have a weapon in the other." The fact is that the immense traffic in firearms shared by both Moslems and Christians blighted the growth of the spirit of brotherhood which had been truly cherished in some hearts. The Armenians armed themselves ostensibly in self-defense at a time when professions of brotherhood were frequent on the lips of Turks. The Turks replenished their store of ammunition because they feared an Armenian uprising. However,, the story of an Armenian revolution in Adana, so persistently circulated and believed by reactionary Turks is to be branded as absolutely false, even though the actions of many gave basis for suspicions and drove many of the Turks to desperation. The investigations of the Imperial Military Commission at Adana have been particularly careful on this point.

What then was the cause of the Adana difficulties? The real causes lie century old and character deep. Intense race hatred dating from the Sarcen and Seljukian conquests are not to be eradicated by the simple proclamation of a constitution. | No one who knew the country cherished such a hope. It was to be hoped, however, that the Armenians throughout the length and breadth of the land would do their utmost to promote the spirit of brotherhood. The presumption was that they had everything to gain by an attitude and a conduct calculated to win the masses of the Turks as brothers. The new fellowship between many small groups of Armenians and Young Turks which has stood the severe test of these last weeks is a prophetic reassurance that this race hatred can be overcome. The fact, however, is forced upon us that as a whole the Armenian race has not improved such opportunities as it has had to win the confidence and friendship of the Moslems. Armenians, untrained in the practice of constitutional forms of government, in the midst of Moslems still less fit perhaps for the privileges of representative institutions, expected too much of the constitution. Many interpreted liberty as lawlessness and proceeded to act upon that understanding. The mass of the people of all races had not the remotest idea of the meaning and responsibilities of constitutional government. It was inevitable that in scores of communities the sudden lifting of the old restraints upon ambitious revolutionary societies, such as the removal of the censorship of the post and press, the doing away with all government spies, the removal of bribe-taking officers, the freedom of travel, etc., should enkindle hopes and aspirations whose fulfilment meant vengeance upon old enemies and national aggrandizment. The masses of the Turks, stirred up by fanatic leaders, were not oblivious to these things. The way in which they have become accustomed to express their disapproval is massacre. They have spoken once more most dreadfully.

The short-sighted, beligerent Armenian claims that real brotherhood with a Turk is an impossibility. The peace-loving man of vision among the Armenians claims that there are in general two types of Turks with one of which real brotherhood is possible. There is no doubt but that the ignorant, bigoted, bloodthirsty Turk does not possess the character capacity sufficient to fulfil the demands of any real friendship. Pure Islam cannot produce a character broad enough to bear the strain of a lasting friendship with a non-Moslem. This is an awful fact. A nature in which distinctive Islamic influences have had undisputed sway is not capable of genuine brotherhood. Just here the real significance of the reform movement in Turkey is to be appreciated. A constitution like the one at present in force, defective as it may be in many important points, is incompatible with Moslem law. The cry for the "Sheri'at" so skillfully supported by the deposed Sultan, was the laconic popular expression of the opinion, widespread among the more loyal Moslems that traditional Islamism is doomed if the constitutional movement succeeds. For under the constitution all men in the empire are to be brothers. With the loyal defenders of the constitution brotherhood is possible. There is more of the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount than of the Qu'ran in the Turkish constitution. The reformers accept the Golden Rule heartily. This is not Islam. This is the spirit of Christianity. With this spirit triumphant massacres will cease.

Turkey is not to be regenerated in a day. A struggle has been begun between the forces of civilization and the forces of fanaticism. The massacres in the Adana vilayet may be characterized as the death struggle of a dying tyranny, or they may be regarded as the initial battle in what will prove to be a prolonged warfare between the defenders and the enemies of the constitution. On the one hand, there is no reasonable doubt that the deposed Sultan was the real instigator of the hostilities there. The governor of the province was in secret communication with the Palace and was carrying out, or rather was allowing to be carried out what he knew to be the will of his Sultan. On the other hand, the Moslem mobs were fired by a hatred of all Christians so intense that a single word from a fanatic leader made fanatics of them all. Similar mobs could be gathered on short notice in every vilayet in the country. Their work would be just as thorough as that of the Adana mobs on pretexts far less ostensible. The really dangerous man in Turkey today is the Turkish officer or the Turkish religious teacher who in the name of religion summons the followers of Mohammed to holy war. The ordinary Moslem is noted for his inertia. To use an illustration I heard the other day from a thoughtful Armenian, he is like a donkey. You tie your donkey to a post in the blazing sunshine on a summer day and without complaint he stands there as long as you choose. You tie him under a shady tree or in a cool stable, he gives you no thanks for your thoughtfulness. The Moslem "man-in-the-street" does what his religious leaders bid him do, whether it is to wash his hands at the fountain in the mosque court-yard or to murder his peaceful Armenian neighbor. He does both in a matter-of-course fashion.

The masses of innocent are the scape-goats of Turkish mis-rule. They have borne the brunt of Moslem fanaticism and tyranny for ages. It is not likely that the constitution can appreciably remedy their pitiful state in one year or in ten years. Driven to desperation the revolutionary parties make the national situation still worse. The hope of the Armenian race and the empire is the program of the reform party. Recent events have made this clearer than ever. There is every reason to expect the ultimate triumph of righteousness and peace. One generation under the constitution will mark a vast advance in the fitness of the var-

ious populations for representative government . Traditional Islamism is doomed. The religious fight of the future is in reality not between Christianity and Islam but between religious and anti-religious forces. The country needs most of all the gospel of Jesus Christ. The kingdom of God is to come among the Turks. Its heralds are on the mountain tops.

Anitab, June 13.

EMMANUELISM.

Rev. T. M. Price.

Emmanuelism originated in the Church and spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific in the Church. The Church feels that past history does not reveal all of Jesus: it feels that this day has its portion to add to the growing interpretation of Jesus and gladly receives what seems to be a help. Suppose it is an help, then it is but a phase of the interpretation of the Gospel and nothing more. It is not new, it is no revelation, it can only be suggestive, it is of human origin, it cannot be infallible. The Church is an evolution caused by the nature of man. The center from which it evolved was not modified in favor of Emmanuelism. Why should the Church withhold honor and thanks. It does not, but gratitude for effort does not prevent analysis.

Emmanuelism declares that its assimilation of the Gospel is ample. It needs no more Christianity but it does need an M. D. It addresses itself to the nervously and morally diseased but class creation is not permissable in the Christian ethics. Disease in connection with the moral life needs the exaltation of Jesus. There is a truth that makes all disease moral and that prophecies the destruction of death by the exaltation of Jesus.

Emmanuelism startes from the people. Get the man to demand Christianity as he demands a supply of meat or coffee or flour. Advertise it and show how Christianity is a good article that can be used as a style of heating plant or a mode of ventilation. Get the people to want it and you can become a worthy competitor of Christian Science. There is no need of the office and work of the Holy Spirit. Humanity expands into the place vacated by obstruction, for nature permits no vacuum, Christianity has and is removing obstruction, hence progress. This expansion is not Christian, but a result of the discipleship of Jesus. It is this expansion that thirsts after Emmanuelism as the heart panteth after the waterbrooks. This does not prove Emmanuelism Christian in more than intent and does not prove its adherents more than natural.

Why is its evangelical method to publicly hold up the Church to criticism and then ask the sinner to join the Church? Why advocate Emmanuelism by ridiculing the Church to the spiritually undiscerning when they expect to sweep on to glory on the Church current? Why create the imagination that the body of Christ was made of the dust and that God did not breathe into it the breath of life until Emmanuelism came? The Church says Doctor Worcester "can no longer address men as disembodied spirit." It never has if you sum up Church results, and Church civilization. If our Christian consciousness awakens to a realization of an unapplied Christianity ought we to herald it as when we have invented or discovered some new application of mechanical power? Must we borrow the semblance of trade?

Immediate, direct good must come to the men who become Christian ere they accept Jesus as their King, is the position of the teachers of Emmanuelism. Men are to be gathered into the Kingdom of God by playing on their selfishness, we take to be the position of the promotion of this new craft. Men do not first get their reward. They are saved by faith which is a contradistinction of sense. Emmanuelism impressed us as the giver of an immediate, utilitarian and profitable gain, not ideal but material. By so teaching they make converts. It says in substance, "Show men that there is something in accepting Jesus that will feed their selfishness and they will become Christian. Give men their price and they will seek after God.

God serves the world without pay and He is the Most High. Jesus came to teach love by the way of self-denial and died for the undeserving on the cross. He was the Word of the Infinite Mind. Man cannot live unto himself and cannot die unto himself. We feel that holiness and greatness and eternity are on the line of the teaching of Jesus. Not by feeding men can we restore them to the greatness of Sons of God, but by taking them away from themselves and out of themselves and letting them see the self-denial of Calvary. It does not seem to us that any humanly devised salvation can take the place of Christ and the Church. We do not feel that men should hasten to be leaders but all men should excel in service. Christianity needs more love, more of faith, more obedience, more testing to make its great things apparent.

We do not think that men should be allowed to feel that they have a right to anything when God is in question. A system that demands human obedience to God cannot do it by paying men a price. You cannot buy love.

Emmanuelism is too small to inspire anyone with greatness. It will not help to conquer sin. It will not aid love..

Highland, Cal.

ADOLESCENCE THE RELIGIOUS PERIOD.

By Mary Wood-Allen, M.D.

The startling statement that the greatest number of commitments for crime occur at about 17 years of age, is counterbalanced by the statement that the greatest number of conversions occur at about the same age. This indicates the impressionableness of the adolescent, his responsiveness to his environment.

We are not apt to think that the adolescent is naturally religious, but this seems to be the case.

The years when the human being is coming into possession of the highest powers of body seem to be the years when he develops the highest powers of soul. The adolescent is sensitive to all moulding influences. He is an idealist. He is a hero-worshipper. If the ideals placed before him are of the Raffles type he endeavors to make of himself a Raffles, and so becomes a criminal. If the man Christ Jesus appeals to him as the one altogether lovely he longs to show forth the Christ-like qualities and so becomes a Christian.

Conversion seems to be but a natural part of turning from the selfish life of the child to the altruistic life of the adult. Through all the adolescent being surges the desire to be, to know, to feel that is highest, truest, best.

He may keep his aspirations hidden from even his nearest friends, but his soul is filled with dreams of perfection, of renunciation, even of suffering that he may rise to higher levels.

It is the adolescent who longs to go forth into the world to preach the Gospel to every creature. The adolescent who, filled with divine enthusiasm feels that the

burden of the world is laid upon his shoulders and that if he fails in his duty the world will halt in its progress; the adolescent who even becomes the ascetic, or is overwhelmed by a sense of deepest sin; the adolescent whose longing for truth may lead him into by-paths of doubt and infidelity, doubting because longing to trust; infidel because most earnestly desiring faith.

If we could penetrate into the secret recesses of these nascent creatures we would see how deeply God is moving their souls with His divine power, and then, perhaps, with vision clarified and sympathy intensified, we might be able to lead these longing natures to the true source of all peace, for which they yearn.

The Christian Church needs to study the phenomena of adolescence and to learn how to present to the young the love of God so that it will win the response of their hearts which are burning to love the truly lovely, to adore the adorable, to worship the divine.

THE KENOSIS.

The Rev. Dr. P. T. Forsyth of England has been giving a series of lectures on "The Person and Place of Jesus Christ." The one on "The Kenosis" was reported as follows by the British Congregationalist:

On Monday last the Rev. Principal Forsyth delivered his sixth Congregational lecture. The lecture was really complementary to the one on the Pre-existence of Christ, and discussed the doctrine of Christ's kenosis or self-emptying. Dr. Forsyth handled this difficult subject with such skill that his listeners were able to follow his reasoning all through, and were often rewarded by a fine flight of imagination. Indeed, it has been a noted feature of these lectures that high thinking has been illuminated by imagination, and that both have been clothed with fine literary grace. This will be discovered by those who will be wise enough not to be satisfied with the necessarily curtailed reports, but will read the published lectures.

Dr. Forsyth began his lecture by saying that if the doctrine of pre-existence were granted, then some doctrine of kenosis or self-emptying would be demanded in order to explain the facts of Christ's historic life. The old doctrine of conscious concealment of knowledge on the part of Christ for strategical purposes had not proved satisfactory to the moral sense, and the doctrine that Jesus acquired his Godhead, or was deified, violated the principle that no created being could become God. He admitted that the kenosis involved difficulties, but it was a choice of difficulties. Faith was assured that its creator was God, but thought could not conceive how a historic person could be God. But then, while the scientific interest could wait, the religious interest could not. The difficulties were partly psychological and partly ethical. The psychological problem was, how could a divine infinite consciousness be reduced to a human finite scale? Such a violent act in the Godhead would almost amount to suicide, as indeed von Hartmann said it did. Had they any analogies in actual human life? Dr. Forsyth thought they had, and demonstrated it in a series of analogies notable for their insight and imagination.

He conceived a devoted Vizier intercepting a poisoned cup meant for his beloved young Sultan. The drinking of the cup meant long days of paralysis and at last certain death. But what was it that contracted and eclipsed the statesman's powers? Not the drug, that was merely the instrument. It was the love and self-sacrifice of the Vizier expresed in one act of voluntary decision.

Also a musical genius in Russia might give himself to patriotic schemes while in the flush of youthful success. He is banished to Siberia, where, instead of expressing his genius on the violin, he lavishes loving ministration on a debased society. It might well seem that the days of his artistic joy belonged to another world. His musical genius was turned to social love. But no martyrdom was forced on him; clearly and bravely he had made his resolve.

So also a youth might show such metaphysical genius that he bade fair to make striking contributions to thought. But the widowhood of his mother, with her large family, might require him to unlearn his fine native tastes, take up the family business, and subdue himself in the affairs of industry. His absorption might be such that he would forget what was once his joy to know; the reality that he hoped to reach by thought he must not touch by faith and action. He loses his life, but he finds his soul . In this case, again, the contraction of consciousness was the result of an early act of volition.

Dr. Forsyth hoped to show by these illustrations that there was a connection between personal decision and personal limitation. To develop the moral consciousness might mean to mortgage the future. So men learned to obey the "ought" of conscience by habit as well as by heredity.

Applying this and Godhead, one could conceive that God, by an act of the same creative will that gave free will to man, might so condition Himself that He became limited, and even submerged, by man's free will unto death.

The moral consequence of this self-emptying was such that it freely subdued to His holiness the free will that He had freely given to man. The more holy a man was, the more able he would be to give of his self, and so **just because** the Son of God was perfectly holy He would be more capable than man of this self-emptying. Had the myriad minded maker of souls, asked Dr. Forsyth, no power to live in such a soul as He had made?

But there was a limit to this. Sin was the limit. Could Christ participate in human life without sin? He, the lecturer, adhered to the principle that Christ was not able to sin. It might seem that if that were so, then His personality and conflict were not real. But then he would go further and say that Christ was kenotically unconscious of this inability to sin. Even then it might seem that Christ's moral conflict was not therefore real. Those difficulties might be faced in two ways. First, he would say that one touch of guilt in Christ would have destroyed his power to redeem. Secondly, he maintained that what was truly human was **not** sin. That all men sinned was empirically true, but **humanum est arrare** was a thin literary fallacy. The human thing was liability to be tempted. Sin itself was no essential part of human nature. Christ, then, could be Man without having sin, but He must possess the power of being tempted.

Yet all his temptations were temptations to inferior forms of good. Under no circumstances would He have departed from the path of seeking to do God's will, but He might have chosen another path than the Cross. With His vast genius He might have organized His zealot nation and realized the Puritan dream of a military and political Empire of God. It was the mediaeval and the Puritan fallacy. For a Parliamentary army was still an army. "And," added Dr. Forsyth, "just as Cromwell hoped in vain to bring about the Kingdom by the sword, so we too often trust to bring it about by the vote." Christ's temptation was the same temptation that besets the modern Church—namely, to at-

tempt to redeem society by every means of amelioration but that of evangelizing it. They wished to rally goodness, but forgot to rout evil, pressed the brotherhood of man, but forgot the sonship with God.

Continuing, the lecturer said that it had been asked what attributes the Son renounced in His act of kenosis. And the attributes had been divided into relative and immanent attributes—**i. e.,** such attributes, for instance, as omnipresence, which were relative to an extended creation, and such attributes as love and holiness, without which God could not be. Now they should abandon the old metaphysical habit of talking of two natures in Christ as if they were two entities to be manipulated. They should think rather of two **modes** of living. So that Christ was thought of, not as renouncing a nature, but as entering upon a new mode of Godhead, and entered upon the mode of sheer pure humanity. His historic life then became a history of moral **redintegration**—that is, a gradual recovery along moral lines of His divine mode of being. Christ won by duty what was His all the time by right. So that He passed from heavenly Godhead perfectly conscious of humanity to earthly manhood perfectly conscious of God. They should note, too, that God could not lay down an attribute, for an attribute was but the personality at a certain angle of action. But there were certain accidental relationships which could provide a field for self-limiting. Thus omniscience, omnipotence, omnipresence might be functions of attributes called forth by the world, just as the prism called out the primary colors of the white light. And so since the primary colors were not essential to the white light, for it was white light before they were made explicit, so God could renounce omniscience, for instance, without ceasing to be God. Knowledge ceasing to be intuitive and contemporaneous could become successive and progressive. So they had this principle that limitation with God was not a hampering of power, but a supreme, expresion of omnipotence, because it was **self**-limitation. This, applied to Christ's life, meant that He was not merely realizing an old ideal, but recovering an old state. The diminuendo of the kenosis meant also the crescendo of the plerosis.

How free, said Dr. Forsyth, this left them with regard to the limitations and ignorances of Christ. We had no vital interest in denying these. Since His limitation was the result of a pre-evistent act of will, His ignorance might be said to be a wise and masterly ignorance. But what He did know was the root, the key, the goal of all knowledge. He was limited in power, yet He founded a kingdom in which man's greatest discoveries were but potsherds of the earth. He did the whole work of God. Thus they did not curb synoptic criticism of Christ's historical life, but they fixed on an apostolic faith beyond its reach. For Christ's earthly renunciation gained all its value from that act of kenosis before the world was. Christ came not to exhibit omnipotence, but to do God's will. And since He had done what God alone could do—forgive, redeem, and regenerate humanity—it implied that His **position** was greatetr than His **vocation.**

In conclusion, Dr. Forsyth said that if he were asked how the Eternal God could limit Himself to a person in time, he would answer he did not know. It was a thing realized by faith. But let them not be too impatient of secrets. Love was not love if it had no impenetrable reserves. Love must be the key to Christ's great act of renunciation, which was not the suicide of Godhead, but rather the finding of life.

THE ULTIMATE NEED.

God, give us men"—for men, the poet pleads,
The age demands them and their country needs—
Men, brave and able for heroic tasks;
For men of worth and power the country asks
And still must find them, or, if earth denies,
The State is bankrupt and our freedom dies.

Though still for men, the eager quest abides,
Behind that need another deeper hides.
I dare aver e'en more the age requires
Women to mold heroic sons and sires;
Women to make the home a hallowed place,
The home whence spring the virtues of the race;
Women of gracious mein and kindly hand
To train and bless the manhood of the land;
And so I say "God, give us women," wives,
Mothers, to mold, inspire to nobler lives
Their sons and husbands, keep them true to God
And free from cowardice, deceit and fraud,
The age needs women, women pure and strong;
Women of purpose, those who falter not;
Women, if high or lowly be their lot,
Who, for themselves and for their men aspire
On duty's altar to keep bright the fire.

"God, give us women," women of such mold,
Preferring ever honor unto gold;
Women unspoiled by luxury and ease,
Of nobler type than ancient Rome or Greece;
Women who wear their beauty as a flower,
Whose homely virtues are their richest dower.
Say you "the age needs men"? I say again
"God give us women, lest we lack true men."

—H. Shuyler.

ENDEAVOR NOTES.

Wm. H. Scudder.

Topic for July—"Heroes of Missions in China."

Matt. 5: 13-16.

One hundred and two years ago Robert Morrison, seeking the place where difficulties were the greatest, attacked the impenetrable stoicism of the mightiest empire of the world. China was then "straightly shut up," because of its own peculiar civilization. In many respects the most remarkable the world has known. Egyptian, Babylonian, Persian, Grecian, Roman, Medieval civilizations had been born and become effete, but China knew neither "change nor decay." It had reared a wall around itself like that which Nebuchadnezzar built about Babylon, bidding defiance to the demoralizing agencies of time as fully as to the renovating process of modern progress. Thirty-five years witnessed very little apparent advance in accomplishing the razing of that wall. Seven years Morrison labored before one convert cheered his heart, less than a dozen was the harvest of his entire life work. Meantime other men of faith placed their batteries in position. It was not unlike the march of the Israelites about the walls of Jericho, sident, wearisome, apparently impotent against the old-time, resident pagan forces. But the heroes of faith failed not, retreated not.

In 1842 one of the "internal resident forces" suddenly reacted in an unlocked-for manner. The gunpower, said to have been invented by the Chinese, appeared in the

shape of an English gunboat, and blew open some treaty ports—Amoy, Canton, Foo-chow, Ningpo, Shanghai. It was the first step in fulfilment of a prophetic utterance of Napoleon the Great, "When China is moved it will change the face of the globe." The "moving" seemed slow enough in truth, so far as the gospel was concerned. An absolute prohibition of religious propagandists was enacted, and neither missionary nor teacher could proclaim the "good news" to China's millions. For twenty years the heroes of faith could only stand at the gates and offer the gospel to those who passed through. But God works on, we only assist. At the end of those twenty years heaven's trumpet sounded in the words of a treaty, and at the blast the walls of the empire "fell down flat." This was the note: "It shall be promulgated throughout the length and breadth of the land that it is permitteld to all people, in all parts of China, to propagate and practice the teachings of the Lord of heaven, to meet together for preaching the doctrine, to build churches, and to worship." The heroes of faith each went in straight before him. Mission stations began to appear in strategic points, aggressive work was planned, the effort of all was to penetrate towards the centre.

It was in 1865, just about the period of the close of our civil war, when this third period in the history of Chinese missions began. We have often heard it said that even the gospel would never move the Chinese, and it was futile to send men out to that country. Strange how these objections forget that God is working, and men are only assisting. Just as the hundredth anniversary of this missionary movement towards China was about to be celebrated strange things came to pass. In ancient times it would have been called a miracle, but this age shies at that word as a skittish horse does at the leaf on the roadside. We will call it an evolution—the Lord's evolution! Suddenly—that is suddenly for the twenty-five centuries of national hibernation—some of the Chinese began to talk about a "New China"—they wanted it, they **must have it!** We are accustomed to count only the misionaries as heroes, but we ought not to forget those whose heads have come off in their desire for better things. And how did this desire for better things come about? Ask such men as Dr. Ament, whose biography is just at hand in the "Envelope Series", published by our American Board. It would set your Society aflame just to have that man's life rehearsed in this meeting. Let his biographer, Rev. J. C. Cromer, give us the secret of all these heroes of faith in his words concerning Dr. Ament: "He believed in the Chinaman. He would fight for the Chinaman. He idealized the Chinaman until his very faults and shortcomings, not to say his sins, were almost forgotten. He was accustomed to rank the Chinaman along with the Anglo-Saxon as a race. They two would some day divide between them the empire of the world. He would count up those millions upon millions of the race, and then follow in imagination the development of the Christian leaven that was being introduced into the mighty mass. So he found great possibility for China." It was Xavier who despairingly said of China, "O mountain, mountain, when wilt thou open to my Lord?" In God's time it has opened.

Health officers in Chicago are waging war on the fly pest. Posters are being distributed over the city for this purpose.

Among the Churches

Woodside.—The Rev. E. Hoskins has been acting as supply for several weeks.

Berkeley, First.—The pulpit is occupied during the pastor's vacation by the Rev. H. E. Peabody of Hartford, Conn.

Little Shasta.—Five young people came into church membership recently on confession of faith.

Ceres.—Ten persons were welcomed into membership the first Sunday in July, eight on confession. Services are kept up by the local ministers during the pastor's vacation.

San Francisco, Park.—Three persons united with the church at the July communion service, one on confession. The attendance at public worship gained in April, May and June, fourteen per cent over the average attendance for February and March.

Burlingame.—It is a live church, albeit a little one which one finds at Burlingame. It is said that the audiences are larger than those at any other house of worship in the village, but, if so, it has a great work of ingathering to do. But it is alive, hopeful, aggressive; has a Sunday-school which some larger churches might well covet, and it has recently shown its spirit by raising $500 which it intends to increase to $750, to complete the interior of its cozy home—a structure built to serve the present uses, and then, bye and bye, when necessity calls for a larger and more churchly building, to be the parish house. Their large and well chosen lot has room on it for both.

The Japanese Congregational Church of San Francisco, at its communion on July 4th, received one to membership on confession. Two others were expected but were prevented from appearing. This church which was utterly scattered at the time of the disaster, has recovered itself for Bible study. Mrs. Suyahiro has it in hand to organize laying a good foundation for future growth and work. Five have been received to it within the last three months. It calls for its regular mid-week meeting and its opportunities for Bible study. Mrs. Suychiro has it in hand to organize a Club of Alumnae, and has met with much encouragement. She hopes in this way to not only promote sociability among her countrywomen in this city, but to bring them into acquaintance with our Lord. W. C. P.

The Chinese Congregational Church of San Francisco is responding well to the demands which the new building with its roomy, lightsome and beautiful chapel makes upon it. At the communion service on July 4th four persons were received on confession and four by letter. One child was baptized. These on confession came from our West Mission on Laguna street, which I have often characterized as "a birthplace of souls." Since then six have joined the Congregational Association of Christian Chinese,—thus professing their faith in Christ and taking a first step towards church membership. The evening school has 100 on its roll, the attendance each evening having risen above 50. The Sunday-school is reorganized with Dea. Chin Toy for superintendent. Before the great calamity I visited this

school on a Sunday on which I was able to be in this city. I never attended one among Americans that came nearer being a model than was this one, conducted by Chinese believers. W. C. P.

NOTES OND PERSONALS.

The Rev. J. P. Ratzell is supplying the Union Street Presbyterian Church, Oakland, during the illness of Rev. Dr. Boyd, the pastor.

Chaplain Rowell occupied the pulpit at Benicia last Sunday, and the pastor, the Rev. B. St. John, was with the church in North Berkeley.

The Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Brooks of Walla Walla, Washington, are expected in Oakland next week, where they will spend part of their vacation.

The Rev. D. Goodsell and family are in charge at the Green Street Church, San Francisco, during the vacation of Mr. and Mrs. Walz in Lake county.

The Rev. L. P. Hitchcock of the First Church, Alameda, is spending the month of July at home, and is experiencing the phases of church life in vacation time.

Prof. Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary arrived in this country with his family the last of June; and they are expected in Berkeley about the first of August.

The Rev. Dr. R. R. Lloyd, formerly of Pacific Theological Seminary, is in Oakland in the capacity of bank receiver and is supplying the church at Fruitvale during Mr. Palmer's vacation. Dr. Lloyd was active in politics last year as a campaign speaker, and was afterward offered a position abroad as consular representative of the United States. Not caring for such a position, the office which he is now filling was tendered him and was accepted. The work in Oakland will keep him there for some time.

ALFRED E. TRACY.

Rev. Alfred E. Tracy, pastor of the La Jolla Beach Church in San Diego, Cal., died at the Good Samaritan hospital, Los Angeles, Cal., July 5th, aged 64 years. A man of the finest spirit and disposition, a minister of unselfish devotion, he was beloved by everybody and greatly blessed everywhere in his ministry. Always enjoying robust health, and of a very active habit, till suddenly attacked by an organic derangement, obliged to undergo surgical treatment, his departure will be a surprise to many. He will be greatly missed. J. H. H.

FEDERATE SCHOOL OF MISSIONS.

Third Summer Assembly, under the auspices of the Interdenominational Committee of the Pacific Coast, representing the Woman's Boards of Foreign and Home Missions. Come to beautiful Mount Hermon, July 24-July 31. Lectures, Music, Bible Study, conducted by Mrs. Alden (Pansy). Home Missions Study class, Miss Grace M. Fisher, Foreign Mission Study class, Mrs. E. Y. Van Meter. Addresses by our substitutes,—the missionaries. Camp-fire services. Rest and recreation. Accommodations at hotel, cottages and tents. For further information, address,

REV. HUGH W. GILCHRIST,
Mount Hermon, Santa Cruz County.

JOTTINGS.

Are Christian Women to Be Shut Out from Christian Work?

The Salvation Army says: "No." Our great foreign missionary societies say, "No." The whole history of the Church from the days of Priscilla of Corinth and Ephesus and Phoebe of Cenchrea till today, says, No. Shall they be confined to certain spheres and scenes of Christian work, the home, the choir, the Sunday School, and this last only when such schools exist in refined circles of society? Shall they venture to be slum-workers? "Yes"—says the Salvation Army and many a redeemed soul rejoicing in pardon of sin and hope revived and a full consciousness of life in Christ, endorses the answer. God's own seal is upon it in these souls redeemed. Shall they go into the dark places of the earth, the habitations of cruelty, among such peoples as once occupied the Hawaiian, the Fiji, the New Hebrides Islands?" "Yes," again says the Master and Saviour, whose arm was underneath them and his presence a guard round about them till those Islands were rich in Christian homes, in well kept Sabbaths, in schools for the children, in all the elements of a Christian civilization. Shall they be allowed here in our own land to teach Chinese and Japanese the rudiments of our language that thus they may have the opportunity to tell them of Christ the Saviour? "No," says some frightened Pennsylvania legislator. "We will have a statute of the state forbidding it." "No," says a paper of such high standing as the Oregonian, and forthwith goes into an attempt on philosophic principles to show that all missionary effort whether at home or abroad, among Orientals, must be in the nature of the case in vain. To be sure, the facts are all the other way:—all save one, the gruesome fate of a giddy, coquettish girl who ventured to trifle with the affections of two Chinese, and to amuse herself with their mutual jealousies. The fact is that missionary effort has not been in vain: that men and women by the millions (1,500,000 of them now alive and active in Christian work) in all sorts of heathen lands have borne witness by word and by deed, in Christian character as well as Christian professions, that Jesus is, as he purported to be, the Saviour of all men. Thousands have repeated in our own days the glory of the martyr ages, sealing their testimony with their life-blood.

Such fruit has appeared in this foreign missionary work wrought at various centers in our own country among the Chinese and Japanese. Fully 3,000 cases have been reported to me in connection with our own missions, during the 35 years of my superintendency. Time was when in our free land many of these attested the reality of their faith by enduring persecution for Christ's sake. They have attested it also in other ways, by stern integrity—too stern sometimes,—by the establishing of Christian homes, by zeal for the salvation of others, by giving from their meager and hard earnings for Christian work in this land and their native land, with a generosity which puts many of us Americans to the blush.

And these fruits have come largely from the work of Christian women:—so largely that it is safe to say that without their earnest and faithful and steadfast service the work could not have gone on at all. And now as to the dangers attendant, I have this to say, that in these more than 35 years, and among the hundreds of Christian women who have thus wrought, I have never heard of but one instance of undue familiarity toward a teacher on the part of any pupil, Chinese or Japanese. And I have good reason

to believe that that single ill-report was unfounded, the one accused having apparently proved an alibi. On the contrary I have not only heard of but seen, tokens of a delicate and efficient, painstaking provision for the protection of their teachers when sometimes the way to the mission house led through quarters which American vice made unsafe. It is true that I have been careful that none should come into the work who would for an instant allow, much less encourage, such familiarity: that is to say;—without any apprehension of that sort, I have, for other, reasons admitted to the work those only who could be trusted to do it in the to a knowledge of Christ and an acceptance of salvation through him. This is the end ever in view; and the Spirit of God has responded to our effort and our prayer—far, far beyond what our weak faith was able, at the outset, to anticipate.

W. C. P.

W. C. P.

THE HOME

THY QUEST.

Be not afraid of aught but self and sin.
Be frank and fearless. Where thy foot hath been
Leave footprints firm and deep to lead the way
For other feet along time's treacherous day.
Turn on thyself the searchlights ere thou sleep,
That no sweet-featured sins unbidden creep
Within thy soul's arena and abide
For one short night. Whatever may betide,
Keep clean the white page of thy inner life.
However keep the sword-blades and the strife
Of days when sin lies wounded and apart—
Go on to victory, wavering human Heart!
The goal is worthy of the race to run,
There is a goal beyond time's changing sun—
To conquer and to win, be this thy quest!
Fear naught but self, and sin within thy breast.

—George Klingle.

PRACTICE GENEROSITY.

Lillie Hamilton French.

More than anyone else in a family an invalid has need to understand and practice generosity. His temptation is always to selfishness; to make of his disease a kingdom in which to dwell, shut apart from the world, and governed by a set of laws according to which he and all those in attendance on him must be ruled. He cannot rise out of his condition, because he is forever insisting that his condition be both recognized and respected. He regards the homage of the attending household as a matter of course, and the sacrifices of others to his comfort as one of his prerogatives else why (as he argues in secret) should he alone among them have been chosen to wear the badge of the sufferer?

Sometimes the invalid grows to like this kingdom of his, and would not escape if he could. Here at least he is supreme, the center of an attending circle, with nothing required of him except to receive offerings of sympathy, and the tributes of devoted hearts! Things indeed are made most pleasant for him.

Sometimes, however, he wishes to get away. Then his first really unselfish thought would mark his first step toward freedom. This unselfish thought might be expressed only in the giving of a rose from the vase by his bedside or in a cheerful salutation to the doctor. To make his act really generous, and therefore curative, the thought would have to spring from a greater interest in others than in himself. Such a thought would make him an individual again, one who ruled his kingdom, and was not ruled by it.

Now and then I find myself in the house of someone who has been a chronic sufferer and whose fluctuations of feeling, like tracings on a mariner's chart, have for years marked the course by which the conduct of the household has been steered. And what a record of wreckage the log has to show! Family pleasures thrown overboard, prospects abandoned, joys lost to them all, as his uncertain spirits rose or fell, or his exactions for devotion multiplied. He has never really tried to make it better for anyone, though he says to them at intervals that he wishes he were dead, since he is out of the race, people giving him only pity which he dreads. There are moments when I long to tell him what those about him lack the courage to say—that if he thought more about giving the family happiness and less about himself, nobody would pity him. The generous soul excites our admiration, our applause. We never pity it. When the generous soul resides in a frail body, it becomes one of the world's inspirations. Were this invalid generous (he prides himself on what he calls his patience), generous in sympathy, generous in consideration, generous in a real appreciation of the sacrifices made for him, suddenly he would find himself in the race once more—that race where victory and applause are not to the strongest but to the best.

What, then, is generosity?

A child inclined to cling to its possessions was once asked this question: "To give away everything in the world that you want yourself," the child replied, its hands clasped over its heart with the intensity of the sacrificial thought.

The child was wrong. It might have given away everything it cared for, and still failed in generosity. Generosity has but little to do with that which is given. Some of the world's most magnificent of gift-givers are the most selfish of men and women. Generosity to be real, to be curative (and it is always curative when it is real), is a thing of the spirit. It is an attitude of the soul. It is a turning away from consideration of one's self, and letting one's thoughts go out to others. It is giving, but not giving because our gift or our service is demanded, or required, or expected, either by law or convention, by station or circumstance; but because as spiritual beings, inheriting all things from God, all things are ours to give.

To attain generosity we must open our souls, not close up our hearts.

The trouble with most of us is that, like the woman in the dismal boarding-house, we concern ourselves too much with our adversities, and too little with our opportunities. We magnify the power of our conditions, fear them too greatly, until at last they throttle us as a thief would do with close clutch at our throats, and we yield what is demanded of us only because if we did not we might die.

Freedom, then, is won by generosity—freedom from condition, freedom from the bondage of man or the bondage of oppressive circumstance.

In giving, we lift ourselves onto a plane where we stand coequal with the highest, even if that highest be the king.

—From "The Joy of Life."

THE ART OF WALKING.

Its Power to Overcome Akwardness.

Youth is so charming in itself—so full of joy and life and hope—that we can forgive it much in the way of faults, and even eccentricities.

But should we forgive it its present walk? Should we let our girls go on injuring their health and forming the habit of awkward movements which will surely destroy the dignity and charm we wish them to have in maturer years?

Our high schools, and even our fashionable boarding schools and colleges, send forth into the world thousands of girls who know everything—except how to walk and talk correctly—the very first things one would expect to observe in the graduate of any school. Indeed, the gymnasiums and dancing schools, whose avowed purpose is physical training, graduate pupils who cannot stand or walk well, and who can by no flight of the imagination be called graceful.

Let us trust that the patrons of our schools will some day demand intelligent physical culture for their daughters instead of the violent exercise which often injures delicate constitutions, and that they should be taught enough of the structure of the body to know how to use it easily and correctly for their best health and expression. A healthy body and the power to use it well is the basis of happiness, brain power, usefulness and success of every life. Right physical training will bring not only better health, but a better poise, better figure, more grace and a stronger personality.

Poise—or right position of the body—is the first essential for health or grace. In order that there shall be no pressure on any organ in standing, or strain in walking, the weight must always be over the balls of the feet. This may easily be acquired by rising on them, then letting the heels go slowly down, without tipping the body back. From this simple exercise one soon forms the habit of keeping the weight well forward—the center of gravity falling between the insteps. In this position all pressure is taken off the back, which has borne our burdens quite long enough.

When a girl walks heavily she is always walking incorrectly, and is never graceful. Girls the not altogether to blame for this, as they are told from childhood to "throw their sholuders back," which has a tendency to put the weight on the back of the heels, a strain on the back, and to throw the head forward. Instead, the young should be told to throw the chest forward, and the head and shoulders will take their right position. Correct poise leaves each organ free to do its work, especially the lungs and diaphragm, upon whose action we depend for the very breath of life.

Incidentally women may be reminded of the effect which the proper carriage of the body has upon the fit and hang of their gowns. Most girls have an exaggerated idea of what clothes will do for them. True, the dressmaker's art may cover defects of form, but it cannot make a skirt hang well on a badly poised body, nor can any amount of silk, satin or lace hide an awkward walk. On the other hand, no gown, however simple, can detract from our admiration of a woman who is well poised and graceful.

The modern girl is at her worst when she walks. Her feet are dressed in low shoes with high heels, and her stride is out of all proportion to her height. Her right arm is swung vigorously back and forth while the left one clutches a handbag, and holds it at the waist line, with elbow aggressive. Her chest is depressed and her head, with its marvelous adornment, is thrust forward.

The present fashion in shoes is partly responsible for the awkwardness of our girls. Shoes with high heels tip the foot down, preventing the beautiful spring of the instep arch. If such shoes could be reserved for the house, and girls wear well shaped walking boots out of doors, they would not only be more graceful, but would find more pleasure in walking—which as an exercise has much to commend it.

Three suggestions will help anyone who wishes to walk gracefully and with the alertness which is characteristic of youth; the forward foot should point practically straight (the strongest position in supporting weight); the back foot should push the body forward; the chest should be high and forward. As long as we live we must hold ourselves up by muscular effort, and when we have learned the right way it soon becomes a matter of habit. Another thing which is necessary for the activity and strength of a light, graceful walk is activity and strength in the feet. The foot has a burden of responsibility, for it must always bear our weight, and at the same time help in propelling the body. Since in walking the weight is on one foot while the other is being put forward, everyone should practice standing well balanced on one foot, which is very flexible, strong and susceptible of wonderful training, as proved by the ballet dancer.

Relaxation is the second thing necessary for grace, as well as for the nerves. But relaxation does not mean merely collapsing in a lackadaisical sort of way, and being "willowy." It means having the power to control the muscles—letting those rest which are not needed for the immediate work. Motion, of course, is at the joints and the muscles moving them may be made to act rhythmically by a little practice. The body being constructed for movement responds quickly to the pendulum-like swing of the leg from the hip, and the harmonious yet very slight swing of the arm. A woman's arms are stiff because her shoulders are usually tense. When the chest is active, the shoulders will drop in place, and the arms should hang at the sides.

While one is relaxing to learn to be graceful, one is also developing control of the muscles concerned in deep breathing and indirectly helping one's voice. The vocal cords act in wonderful sympathy with the other muscles of the body, and it is encouraging to know that the better use of any muscle helps the voice.

Nervous tension is our great national fault. It is getting into our faces, as well as into our body and voice. It is time to relax, and even our girls would not be less charming with a little more composure of manner.

As to the sitting position of the average young woman—it is not only awkward and inelegant, but injurious. In bending over a desk, or at table, or merely in conversation, the movement should be at the hips. The hip joint is large and admits of more freedom and grace than the spine. The chest should never be relaxed, as it throws pressure on the vital organs, and gives one the round shoulders and forward head so awkward in the young, and such an evidence of indolence in the middle-aged.

And now just a word to the girls themselves who may read this: Do you realize that your spirit can express itself only through the body, and that for that reason alone you **should wish to have a cultured body** as well as a cultured mind You have two voices with which you speak to the world—the voice you use consciously to express your thoughts, and the silent "voice of your presence" which is speaking to all who see you. Every attitude and movement shows something of your thought, purpose or character.

What is the voice of your presence saying to the world?

If you were always going to be young, if you had not wifehood and motherhood in the future—it would not matter quite so much how awkwardly you move, how you waste your strength, how little you care for the laws of health and hygiene. Or if in later life you could suddenly be changed by the touch of a magic wand! But it cannot be. In a few years the awkward girls of today will be the awkward women: the delicate, nervous girls of today will be the delicate, nervous women. Habits are formed in youth, and the psychologists tell us that "All our life so far as it has definite form is but a mass of habits bearing us irresistibly toward our destiny."—Vogue.

LOVE-MAKING.

Courtesy can exist without love, but love without courtesy quickly gets bedraggled and haggard. For the maintenance of love few notions would be more favorable than this, that home is a good practicing ground for habitual courtesy, neglecting which we shall make a poor show on field days. * * *

"Love-making" is a poor, wilted term which generally provokes a smile. I would raise love-making to a fine weaving art, at which none could laugh, and I would employ all hands in the home at this busy loom. Love-making is not only the finest of the fine arts, but it is the sweetest of good employments. Thoughtfulness is the warp, and activity the woof; the design which grows on the piece is very beautiful to see. * * *

In the torn garment of the home life hard hearts and unloving natures tear rent after rent until it is all in tatters, but love never lets the rents grow large; its busy needle patches them up, and by an art it must have learned in heaven scatters the loveliest sprays of embroidery and silver work about the darn, so that what threatened destruction has proved to be a strength and a beauty, and the garment has become a symbol of love's power, instead of the jagged rages which witness to love's defeat.—"The Four Pillars of the Home."

Young People

LITTLE DOG AND BIG DOG.

Once upon a time there were two dogs who were great friends. One of them was small and one was large, and they were called Little Dog and Big Dog all the days of their lives, and had no other names.

Now one day, as the two dogs sat together in the sunshine, Big Dog said to Little Dog,—

"Come, let us go to see our friend, the king."

Little Dog thought this was a splendid plan, and they started at once.

Big Dog walked along the road with his tail curled over his back, and his head held high. "There is no need of haste," he said, but Little Dog thought there must be.

"I shall get there first," he called, as he scampered ahead, but presently he came back as fast as he had gone.

"Oh, Big Dog, Big Dog," he said, "we cannot go to see the king."

"Why not?' asked Big Dog, "has he gone away from home?"

"I know nothing about that," answered Little Dog, who was almost out of breath, "but a little farther on there is a great river, and we can never get across."

But Big Dog would not turn back. "I must see this great river," he said, and he walked on as quietly as before. Little Dog followed him, and, when they came to the river, Big Dog jumped in, splish! splash! and began to swim.

"Wait, wait," cried Little Dog; but Big Dog only answered, "Don't be afraid."

So in jumped Little Dog, splish! splash! too, for he did not want to be left behind. He was terribly frightened, but he paddled himself along with his four feet just as he saw Big Dog doing; and, when he was safe across the river, which was not half so wide as he had thought, he barked at it as if he had never been afraid at all.

"Bow-wow-wow-wow! You cannot keep us from the king," he said, and he was off and away before Big Dog had shaken the water from his coat. But, in less time than it takes to tell it, Big Dog spied him running back with his tail hanging down and his ears drooping.

"Oh, Big Dog, Big Dog!" he cried. "We cannot go to see the king; for in the wood yonder there is a bear, and she will eat us both for supper. I heard her say so, myself."

Then Big Dog made haste to the wood, barking loudly:—

"Bow-wow! Bow-wow! I am not afraid! I am not afraid!" and, when the bear heard him, she ran to her home as fast as she could.

"I can eat honey for my supper," she said; and the two dogs saw no more of her.

Now by this time Little Dog had run so fast and barked so much that he was tired. "I do not want to go to see the king," he said; and he lay down in the road and put his head between his two front paws.

But Big Dog said, "I smell a bone," and Little Dog jumped up in a hurry again. Sniff! Sniff! where could it be? The two dogs put their noses close to the ground and followed the scent till they came to the turn of the road; and there sat a charcoal burner eating his supper of bread and mutton chops by his fire.

Little Dog wanted to run up and beg for something, but Big Dog would not go with him. "It's politer to wait," he said; and he sat down on the other side of the road. Little Dog sat down beside him, and they waited and waited; but at last the man finished his chops and threw the bones to the dogs, which was just what Big Dog had hoped he would do. Oh, how good they tasted!

"Where shall we sleep tonight?" asked Little Dog, when he had eaten his share.

"Oh, never fear," answered Big Dog, "we will find a place;" and, when they had gone on their way, they very soon came to a house in the wood. The door was open, and Big Dog put his head inside to see if anybody was at home. Nobody lived there, however, but a barn swallow, so the dogs went in and lay down to rest on some hay in the corner.

"We must be off early," said Big Dog, but, when they woke up next morning, the door was fastened tight, for the wind had blown by in the night and slammed it into its place. When Big Dog saw this, he was in great distress.

"Oh, Little Dog! Little Dog!" he cried. "I fear we can never go to see the king, for the door is closed, and there is no one to open it."

"But we can go through the hole under the door," answerd Little Dog; and, when Big Dog looked, there, sure enough, at the bottom of the door, where a board had rotted away, was a hole just large enough for a little dog to creep through. Little Dog put his nose through and his head through, and then wriggle, wriggle, he was out and barking merrily.

"Come on, Big Dog," he called; but Big Dog could not go. He could not even get his head through the hole.

"You must go on alone," he said to Little Dog, "and, when you have come to the king's palace, and have told him about me, perhaps he will send me aid."

But Little Dog did not wait until he reached the king's palace to ask for help. "Bow-wow-wow-wow! Listen to me," he barked, as he ran down the road. "Big dog, my friend, is shut up in the house in the wood, and cannot go to see the king. Bow-wow-wow-wow!"

At first there were only birds to hear him, but presently he saw a woodcutter with an axe on his shoulder. "Bow-wow wow-wow! Listen to me," barked Little Dog. "Big Dog, my friend, is shut up in the house in the ood, and cannot go to see the king. Bow-wow-wow-wow!" But the woodcutter did not understand a word he said.

"Whew! whew!" he whistled, which meant, "Come, little doggie, follow me"; but Little Dog had no time to play.

He hurried as fast as he could, and by and by he met the woodcutter's wife going to town with a basket of eggs on her arm. "Bow-wow-wow-wow! Listen to me. Big Dog, my friend, is shut up in the house in the wood, and can not go to see the king,' barked Little Dog. But the woodcutter's wife did not understand a word he said.

"You noisy little dog," she cried. "You have startled me so that it is a wonder that every egg in my basket is not broken,' and she shook her skirts to get rid of him.

"Nobody will listen to me," thought Little Dog, as he scampered on; but just then he spied a little boy with a bundle of sticks on his back. He was the woodcutter's little boy; and, do you believe it, he understood every word that Little Dog said, and followed him to the house.

When they drew near, they heard Big Dog calling for nelp:—

"Bow-wow! Bow-wow! Come and let me out. Come and let me out!"

"Bow-wow! we are coming," answered Little Dog.

"We are coming," said the woodcutter's little boy; and the very next minute Big Dog was free.

The kings palace was not far from the wood, and the two dogs were soon at their journey's end. The king was so pleased to see them that he made a great feast for them, and invited the woodcutter's little boy because he was their friend.

After the feast Big Dog and Little Dog went home in the king's own carriage; and, if they ever went traveling again, I do not know it.—Maud Lindsay, in Kindergarten Review.

HOW FLAX SAVED THE BABY.

Flax was a brown dog that belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Wales. He was no beauty, but one look into his honest eyes showed that he would be a good friend. Mr. and Mrs. Wales lived on a ranch in Colorado where the neighbors were few; and they kept this dog as a playfellow for their two children, and he coud be trusted to take care of them, too.

At the time of which I am going to tell you, Mr. and Mrs. Wales were rebuilding their house. The porch had been taken away, and there was no way to get out of the front door, as it was three or four feet straight down to the ground. One day the lumber gave out, so the carpenters could not work. Mr. Wales had driven to town, ten miles away, and Mrs. Wales was left alone with the children.

"Flax, you look after Helen if Clyde forgets to watch her," she said, as she opened the front door to let in the fresh spring air. Then she went out to look after her chickens.

"I won't forget," called Clyde. "There's no way she could hurt herself in this room, anyway."

He began to draw wonderful things on his slate, and forgot everything else. Helen was playing with her blocks, and he went into the other room to make a picture of the barn.

Mrs. Wales had just taken a mother with twenty little chickens from the nest into a nice clean coop, when she heard a noise in the house. She listened, but could not tell what it was. The next minute she heard the same sound, and realized that it was Flax growling. She hurried to the house; and, when she entered the front room, she saw Flax leaning half out of the door holding Baby Helen by the dress. She knew, then, that she had forgotten to hook the screen. The baby had pushed the door open, and would have fallen to the ground if it had not been for Flax. He was wise enough to know, if he barked, he would drop the baby, so he growled louder and louder until help came.

"Mother," said Clyde, whose face was pale from fright, "I forgot about sister, but I never will again. I'm going to remember as well as Flax does."

"And I will, too, for I forgot to hook the screen. We must always be kind and good to Flax, for he saved our baby.'—Sarah N. McCreery, in Sunday School Times.

THE SECULARIZATION OF THE HOME.

The home is being secularized, according to the report of the special committee on religious education made to the Presbyterian General Assembly, and as a consequence there is a pressing duty of the Church.

"The social and industrial conditions of the present day are depriving our homes, even our Christian homes, of some of their most beneficent features," the report says. "The family room and the family lamp have disappeared from many homes. The household rarely meets in its entirety until the evening meal, when perchance all can sit down together after a strenuous day at their diverse occupations, to spend a brief hour together, only to be separated by a variety of social and other engagements which consume their evening, frequently to a late hour. With the multiplicity of demands upon their time there is scant opportunity for the family altar, for instruction of the children in Bible knowledge, for the nurture of Christian character. In the present condition of family life, the hope that the home will supply the deficiences of the day-school in the matter of formal religious instruction is a vanishing one. It is a struggle for the home to maintain in any fair degree its own religious atmosphere and discharge its own function in the matter of the nurture of the youth.

"The Church is responsible for religious education. Whether we think that the State ought to give religious instruction or not, we must reckon with the fact that it does not give it. Our lament that the home is failing to give the amount and the kind of religious instruction the children ought to have does not change the fact that the failure is conspicuous and lamentable. Both these facts emphasize the further fact that if the Church does not furnish this education our children will grow up without it. The Church is the sole educational agency in the field of religion, without a rival, almost without a competitor. This solitariness of the Church in this field serves to make conspicuous one of her great functions, never more essential than now. With these things before us it is obvious that there is a present and pressing duty facing our Church, which by her traditions and practice is committed to the most intelligent, thorough and effective performance of it."

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